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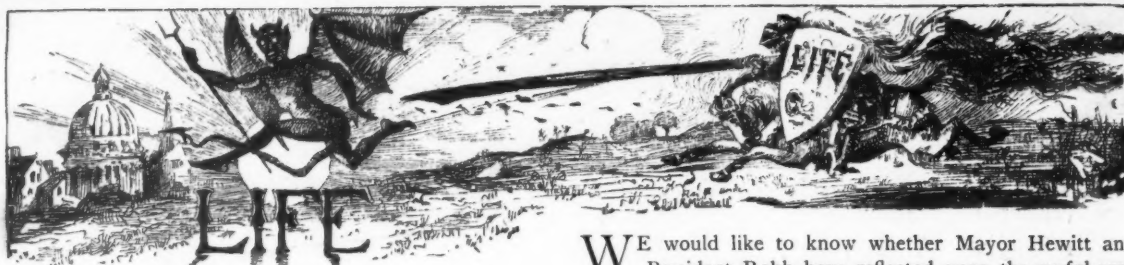
### FROM BAD TO WORSE.

*She:* I WOULD LIKE TO CALL YOU BY YOUR CHRISTIAN NAME, LOVE, BUT TOM IS HATEFUL AND COMMON, YOU KNOW. HAVEN'T YOU SOME PET NAME?

*He:* N-NO, I-ER-HAVEN'T.

*She:* ARE YOU ALWAYS KNOWN AS TOM AMONG YOUR FRIENDS?

*He (brightening up):* NO, THE BOYS CALL ME "SHORTY!"



"While there's Life there's Hope."

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MAYOR HEWITT and President J. Hampden Robb, of the Department of Public Parks, were sufficiently impervious to all sense of shame at the recent ceremonies of the presentation by the City of the new wing of the building of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, to renew the impious clamor that the doors of the institution be opened on Sunday. This matter has been sufficiently discussed by the Board of Trustees already. As Mr. Henry G. Marquand said in his address accepting the building on behalf of the Board:

"It is the object of the trustees to provide instruction for the industrial classes. This building is as much intended for the humblest artisan in wood and metals as for the most luxurious patron of the fine arts, and it is as much for the amusement and instruction of the whole United States as for New York."

Further, Mr. Marquand said:

"The trustees had no idea of making this a show-place, or a mere place of amusement. Their prime object, their grand aim, was to provide here a collection of objects that would be mainly, I may say strictly, useful in the improvement of the arts, bringing up the taste of the people of the United States to the highest standards."

THESE are the high objects of the Board of Trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, but they are not content that the workingman should acquire an education in art at the expense of the welfare of his immortal soul. The deserving artisan at present, not having the museum to distract his attention from ecclesiastical matters, spends Sunday in going to church and reading his Bible and religious newspapers, devoting intervals to the instruction of his children in the shorter catechism. The artisan who takes his family out for a day's pleasuring on Sunday, is unworthy of the beneficence of the trustees of the Museum of Art, and hence, undeserving of the benefits to be derived from a contemplation of its treasures. The Board, of course, understands that the artisan is not constituted as his richer brethren are. He works six days in the week; and, if he labors as hard as he ought, he should be too tired on Sunday to do aught else than reflect on his future, and extract what pleasure he can out of the prospect of eternal punishment in a lake that burns with fire and brimstone.

WE would like to know whether Mayor Hewitt and President Robb have reflected upon the awful consequences that may be expected to ensue if the doors of the Museum of Art are opened on Sunday in accordance with their pernicious suggestion. Instead of remaining in his rooms after church, and thrashing those of his children who did not remember the text and the main points of the sermon, while others sang "I Want to be an Angel," the artisan might take them forth, exposing them to the hideous contamination of irreligious influence in the streets, and lure them into the Museum, where their reflections upon the pious and elevating careers of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob would be disturbed by secular wonder at the marvels of antiquity and unholy mirth over the di Cesnola renaissance. The thought of innocent children, too young to appreciate the wickedness of their conduct, brought by immoral parents to view pictures and statuary on Sunday, and strolling through the Museum unconscious of their awful doom, is sufficient to bring tears to the eyes of every member of the Board of Trustees as they pursue their Sabbath meditations in their classes.

"IT is the object of the trustees to provide instruction for the industrial classes," as Mr. Marquand says; and a very benevolent object that is. The artisan who is desirous of being instructed in the Museum need only get a day's vacation each week. Of course, the circumstance that he sacrifices a day's wages is not to be considered in view of the benefits that he will derive from contemplating the treasures of the institution; and, doubtless, if he happens to be, in the employ of any member of the Board of Trustees, or any other employer in sympathy with its aims, he will be given one working day each week to "bring his taste up to the highest standard," while his wages go on as usual.

THE arguments advanced by those citizens who uphold the impudent demands made by Messrs. Hewitt and Robb, are scarcely worthy of notice. These persons—we use the word in its fullest sense—make the preposterous claim that, as the city erected the building, paying for it with the people's money, raised by a tax that falls directly or indirectly upon every member of society, the request of the people that the building they have paid for be opened to them on Sunday should be heeded.

NONSENSE! "It is the object of the trustees to provide instruction for the industrial classes," and the trustees find that the best way to accomplish this object is to close the doors upon the industrial classes. That ought to be sufficient to close the discussion.

THE LATIN QUARTER.

JOYS of the days that are ended,  
Sweetness of fruits that are gone—  
When the dance and the kiss and the song were blended  
With the learning of old *Sorbonne*!

The drone of the musty professor,  
The scratch of the rusty pen,  
The "crib" that made its happy possessor  
Lord of his fellow-men.

The bliss of prowling around  
The book-stalls; and oh, the day  
When my quaint and rare *Bocace* I found  
On the *Quai de Malaquais*!

Swift little boats on the river,  
Picnics at old *Saint Cloud*;  
To lie and see the great trees quiver,  
With the sunlight sifting through—

To lie in contented mood,  
While Marie and gay Zephine  
Unpacked our lunch and arrayed the food  
On our lowly table of green.



The gallery-god's high place,  
Where we shuddered at Bernhardt's rage,  
Or held our breath while Judic's fair grace  
Came drifting across the stage.

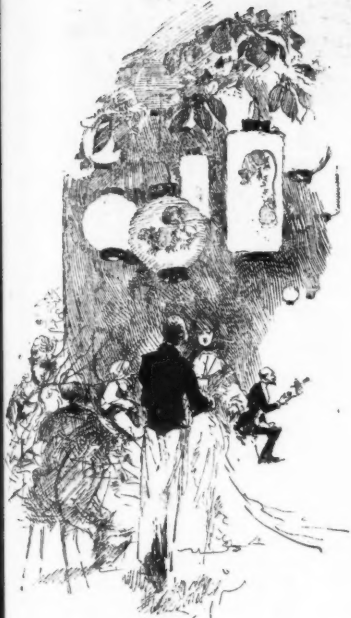
Capers at *Bullier's*  
When the Thursday evening came;  
The whirl of the waltz and the thrilling gaze  
That kindled the heart to flame.

Suppers all *tête-à-tête*,  
With a face demure and fair  
To lend delight to the frugal plate,  
And sweeten the *ordinaire*.

The parting pangs, and the tears  
In Estelle's dark, shining eyes  
When our dream was over—alas, the years  
Since we spoke those fond good-byes!

Bitter-sweet days that are ended,  
Phantoms of joys that are gone—  
When the dance and the kiss and the song were blended  
With the learning of old *Sorbonne*!

Arthur Mark Cummings.





### A CHRISTMAS DINNER.

UNTO a little nigger,  
A'swimming in the Nile,  
Appeared, quite unexpectedly,  
A hungry crocodile,  
Who, with that chill politeness  
That makes the warm blood freeze,  
Remarked: "I'll take some dark meat  
Without dressing, if you please!"

IT is rumored that the reason that Elliott F. Shepard is laboring to have the Agricultural Bureau made a Department, with its head a member of the Cabinet, is in order that the culture of the thistle may be promoted with a view to its consumption, as a staple, by animals whose tastes and disposition are similar to those of the editor of the *Mail and Express*.

IT is rumored that the Democratic party has blown out the gas and gone to bed.



A TERRIBLE blow has fallen upon the *jeunesse dorée*. The police have decided not to allow the masquerade balls of the winter to proceed with the usual gaiety and abandon, because Mr. Edmund C. Stanton will not allow the Metropolitan Opera House, where the revelry is to be held, to become the scene for a Bacchanalian orgie; and what are our gilded youth going to do about it? The time was when they were allowed to witness and participate in the gaiety that is to be found where there are masquerade costumes and no chaperons, and the only result was that many youths were sorry for it, as they drank ice-water at three o'clock breakfast the next day. And, really, let a dude drink enough at one of these balls, and it would be hard to convince him that he is not having a good time. Nevertheless, as it makes much additional work for the police in shipping the flower of our manhood home on these occasions, it is, perhaps, just as well that the enthusiasm should be abridged.

A DAILY paper, not long ago, had an article headed "Terrible Hardships at Sea." It referred to that part of the United States Navy on its way to Hayti, probably.

PRESIDENT-ELECT HARRISON'S pathway is strewn with flowers—forget-me-nots.

THIS incident, which we reprint from the *New York Times*, points so many morals that we publish it for the benefit of our readers, who are not in the habit of giving away their money as fast as they earn it:

"Hello, Stumpy," said one gamin as he met another, "have yer fed yet?"

"Naw," replied Stumpy, "I guess dis is de eve I don't eat."

"No coin?" asked the other.

"Nixey red," was the response. "I owed Gimpey fourteen cents and paid him so's 'e could git some shoes."

"How's yer appetite?" was the next query.

"Oh, dere's never any trouble on dat line," was the laconic reponse.

"Well, Stump," said the little fellow, "I tell yer. I got twenty cents, and I was going to have a scrumptious feed; but I reckon I'll have to let Del's slide ter-night. Let's adjourn ter de beanery."

He took Stump's arm, and the two walked off. The beauty of the act was that it was done without the least condescension, but with a frank I-may-be-there-myself-some-day air that was delightful.

AMERICAN ladies will do well, hereafter, to leave their revolvers at home when they visit Europe. Mrs. Gallagher, of this city, has just been fined two pun' ten in Queenstown because some loose cartridges were found in her pocket upon her arrival on the *Umbria*. It is said that Mr. Gallagher let her go, but it is not definitely known whether he was cognizant of the fact that she went armed.

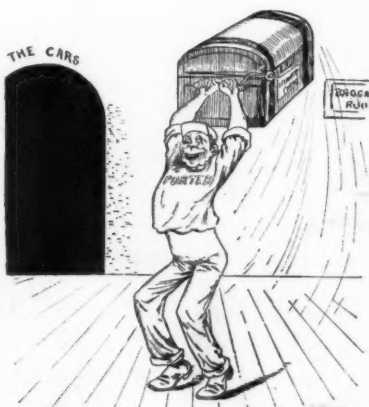
DR. CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW has been provided with a glass leg. It does not reflect credit upon the enterprise of the dime museum talent that he has not received an offer to exhibit himself. What with his reputation as an after-dinner speaker and a glass leg he would prove an irresistible attraction.

NEXT we shall hear of a detective getting killed in order to convict somebody of murder. One of these gentry has just had a tooth filled by a dentist who practiced without a license in order that he might testify against him. We would like to fill a detective's tooth who was trying to convict us of something if we knew it at the time.



THE WIDOW'S SMITE.

THE ANARCHIST'S TRUNK;  
OR, HOW THE BAGGAGESMASHER MET HIS  
MATCH.



RESTAURANT



A FEAST.

"HI, HELLEN, COME QUICK! THERE'S A CHICKING BURNIN', AN' THE SMOKE'S GOT MIXED WID DER SNOW, AN' IT TASTES 'ZACTLY LIKE COLD CHICKING SOUP."

HE MADE A NOTE OF IT.

LORD MAC ENOCH (*who is taking in the sights of New York*): Haw! What's that gween light down there, Mr. Forundred?

FORUNDRED: Sign of a police station, me Lud.

LORD MAC ENOCH: Fawncy! What a power the Iwish are in your politics!

A BROTHER'S PRIVILEGE.

CHOLMONDELEY SMITH: Great Heavens! How did you ever pluck up courage to kiss that haughty Miss De Vere?

TOM RAPID: She had just said she would be a sister to me.

HOW IT IS DONE.

AMBULANCE SURGEON (*hastily stooping over the injured man*): What's his name?

CROWD: Smith!

SURGEON: Where does he live?

CROWD: Brooklyn!

SURGEON: Wife?

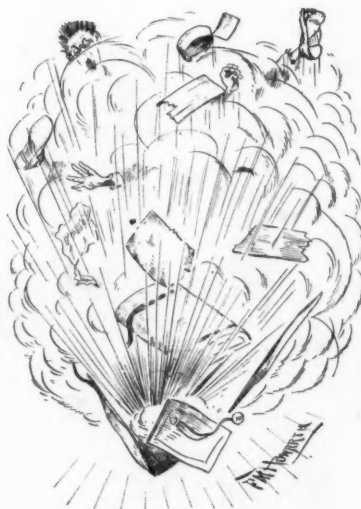
CROWD: Yes!

SURGEON: Children?

CROWD: Yes, four!

SURGEON: Well, that's all I want to know. Chuck him into the ambulance, and we'll find out what's the matter with him when we get him to the hospital.

THE head waiter holds his property in fee.





*Guest:* HAVE YOU SHEEN (*hic*) ANYSHING MY FREN' BOZWORSH LATELY?

*Hotel Clerk:* HE WAS HERE HALF AN HOUR AGO.

*Guest:* WELL, WUZ 'E 'LONE, ER WUZ I WIZ 'IM?



#### A THANKFUL SPIRIT.

*Teacher:* JOHNNY, CAN YOU TELL ME ANYTHING YOU HAVE TO BE THANKFUL FOR IN THE PAST YEAR?

*Johnny (without hesitation):* YESSUR.

*Teacher:* WELL, JOHNNY, WHAT IS IT?

*Johnny:* WHY, WHEN YOU BROKE YOUR ARM YOU COULDN'T LICK US FOR TWO MONTHS.



#### JOHN FISKE'S NEW BOOK.

THERE could not well be a more appropriate book for this centennial year of the American Constitution than John Fiske's seven essays on "The Critical Period of American History, 1783-1789" (Houghton). His lucid style and clear, analytic mind bring the grave features of that troubled epoch very near to us, and we are made to feel acutely the importance of the work accomplished by the fathers of the Constitution. The average man who has fought shy of the "Madison Debates" and "The Federalist" as, perhaps, too dry for one not a specialist, will find in the chapter on the Federal Convention the significant events in that important assembly concisely described in their logical order.

More than that, in brief phrases, the personality of the eminent men who composed the convention is made evident. In great contrast with the spirit of our modern politicians, we are impressed with the sober earnestness which characterized the fathers in their work; they seemed to have a full consciousness of the grave undertaking as though they had glimpses of the weighty events of the century to follow. They finished their work with something of the spirit of the aged Franklin, then past eighty, who, as the last meeting was breaking up, pointed to the gilded half-sun on the back of the quaint black chair from which Washington had just risen, and said: "As I have been sitting here all these weeks, I have often wondered whether yonder sun is rising or setting, but now I know that it is a rising sun!"

JULIAN HAWTHORNE'S story, "The Professor's Sister" (Belford), is not a very pleasant romance, but it has several ingenious situations, and two or three chapters of fanciful description which the overworked reviewer might be justified in calling "weird." The most successful of these describes one of the characters watching a series of dramatic events which come upon the canvas while he is sitting in a camera obscura. This device could have been used with greater effect in a better story.

BILL NYE is not exactly a classic humorist, but he has one virtue that ought to count in his favor—he always packs away at least one good laugh in every article which he writes. Sometimes he throws in two or three, but he should not be too roughly handled for his extravagance, for he frankly confesses: "I belong to the Upper Classes now, but I am trying, by close study and attention to good manners and morals, to become some day one of the Middle Class of America." To aid in this charitable object, we advise LIFE'S readers to buy Bill Nye's "Thinks," and Nye and Riley's "Railway Guide" (Dearborn Publishing Co.).

*Drock.*

#### NEW BOOKS.

*THE DESPOT OF BROOMSEDGE COVE.* By George Egbert Craddock. Boston and New York: Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

*The World of Cant.* New York and Chicago: J. S. Ogilvie.

*New York Charities Directory.* New York: Charity Organization Society.

*Moody Moments.* By Edward Doyle. New York: Ketcham & Doyle.

*Thinks.* By Bill Nye. Chicago: The Dearborn Publishing Co.

*Holland.* "Story of the Nations" Series. By James E. Thorold Rogers. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

*Daylight Land.* By W. H. H. Murray. Illustrated. Boston: Cupples & Hurd.



HOW SHE KNEW.

*He:* WHAT MADE YOU THINK THAT PICTURE IN THE EXHIBITION WAS MINE? YOU MUST BE A JUDGE OF STYLE, BECAUSE IT WAS UNSIGNED.

*She (modestly):* YOU FLATTER ME. I REALLY DIDN'T KNOW IT WAS YOURS UNTIL I SAW EVERYBODY LAUGHING AT IT.

CHRISTMAS MISFITS.

**B**ROTHER JACK wanted a box of cigars and a check, and got two pairs of embroidered slippers and a pair of sleeve-buttons.

Tommie wanted lots of candy, and got a stomach-ache.

Johnnie wanted a copy of "Six-Toed Pete, the Cowboy Avenger," and got "Peck's Useful Thoughts for Youthful Minds."

Mrs. McGlory Gadabout wanted a sealskin sacque, and got a new kitchen range and an improved washboard.

J. G. B. wanted to be Secretary of State, and got L-ft.

Reverend Skimpton Sowles wanted a trip to Europe, and got a paper-bound copy of "Robert Elsmere."

The majority of the American people wanted Cleveland, and got Harrison.

The good-natured aunt wanted a year's subscription to LIFE, and got one to *The Christian Bugle*.

Little Frankie wanted a little blue-eyed sister, and got a little cross-eyed brother.

Sister Mary wanted a pair of diamond earrings, and got a life membership in the Dorcas Benevolent Society.

Hardegg's office-boy wanted a raise of salary, and was docked for not coming to the office Christmas day.

The inmates of St. Bluenose's Home wanted a Christmas dinner, and got a praise service and a distribution of tracts.

Billy, the Bum, wanted a Christmas racket, and got thirty days on the Island.

*Metcalf.*

DON'T FAIL TO SIGN.

**A** PETITION is being circulated among the business men of New York, who patronize the Elevated road, requesting the guards not to kill more than one member in a family, except in cases of absolute necessity.



HIS FIRST PP

LIFE (TO YOUNG '89): NOW MIND THIS: THE LAST FELLOW GAVE A VERY TISH

• L E •



ST PPEARANCE.

VERY TISU CTORY PERFORMANCE, AND WE DONT WANT ANY MORE OF THAT KIND.

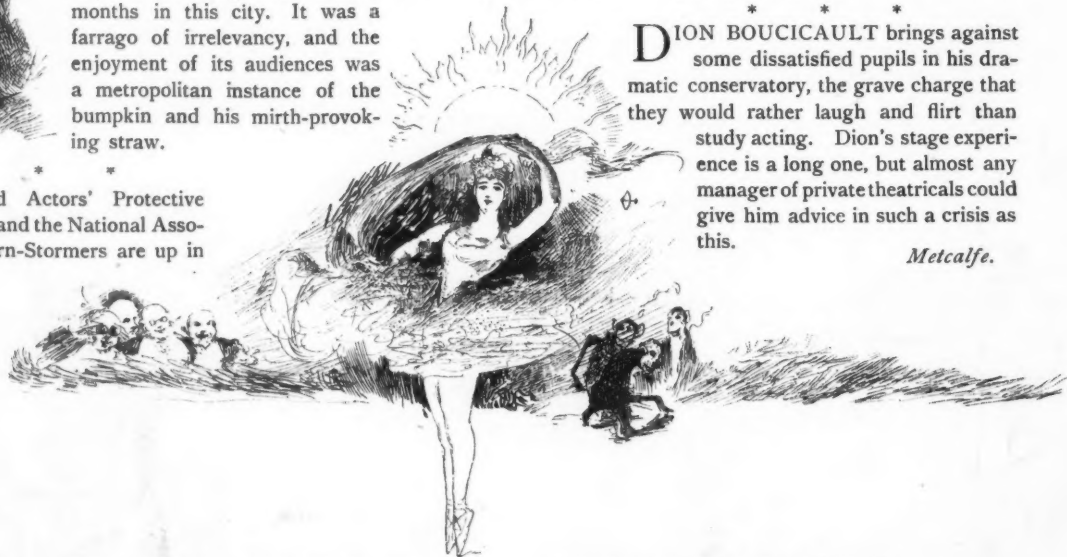


### A BRASS MONKEY AND OTHER BRASS.

THE dividing line between fun and idiocy is certainly not a straight one. Where driveling leaves off and humor begins, it is not always easy to determine. The bumpkin who finds his highest realization of the ridiculous in tickling his nose with a straw, probably derives as much enjoyment therefrom as does the man of culture from the most refined and subtle forms of wit. These reflections come from the fact that a theatrical exhibition, under the meaning title of "A Brass Monkey," is just concluding a run of over two months in this city. It was a farrago of irrelevancy, and the enjoyment of its audiences was a metropolitan instance of the bumpkin and his mirth-provoking straw.



THE Bad Actors' Protective League and the National Association of Barn-Stormers are up in



arms. From remote far-western towns and from the country of one-night stands comes lusty encouragement to the effort to have foreign art ruled off the American stage.

THAT large class of American actors, euphoniously dubbed "ham-fatters," is vociferous in demanding that they, and they alone, shall be permitted to create the standard of acting in this country. They claim that foreign actors will play for smaller salaries, and that they cannot compete. This state of affairs, if it exists, is attributed, and it would seem properly, too, to the prevalence among American actors of that odious disease known as "big-head."

THE American no sooner meets with success in a two-line part than he gains the idea that he should be given leading rôles, or, at least, be paid accordingly. His disease is not so prevalent on the other side of the water, and American managers sometimes find their advantage in supplying their wants from abroad.

IF this movement is successful we shall have no more Irving, no more Bernhardt, no more Coquelin, and shall have to look to Mr. Louis Aldrich and men of his calibre for our realization of dramatic ideals.

THE American Chorus Girls' Benevolent Society should next apply to Congress for the enactment of a law making it a misdemeanor for English chorus girls to accept flowers or jewelry from American dudes. The Gaiety girls at the Standard have secured for themselves a *clientèle* of dudes, and are making serious encroachments on the volume of perquisites which formerly were monopolized by their American sisters. Congress might as well include this in the bill for the protection of American actors, and put an end to this kind of thing for good and all.

DION BOUCICAULT brings against some dissatisfied pupils in his dramatic conservatory, the grave charge that they would rather laugh and flirt than study acting. Dion's stage experience is a long one, but almost any manager of private theatricals could give him advice in such a crisis as this.

*Metcalfe.*

### SWALLOWED IT WHOLE.

TRAMP: Hi say, sir! cahn't you 'elp me a bit? Hi'm Hinglish meself, sir.

AMERICAN DUDE (*pleased*): Aw—what's that, me good fellow (*takes out a bill*), and—aw—why d'you think I'm English, y'know?

TRAMP: Hoh, sir, henny one could see that! I beg parding; harn't you the Duke of Southampton, sir—Your Grace I mean?

AMERICAN DUDE (*sick with bliss*): There, there, me good fellow, take that to help you back to Lunnun (*walks haughtily on*).



Charles Henry Johnson

*Ethel:* I AM SO GLAD YOU ARE MARRIED TO A WEALTHY MAN, ROSE.

*Rose:* YES, HE IS ENORMOUSLY WEALTHY.

*Ethel:* IN YOUR CASE MARRIAGE DOESN'T SEEM TO BE MUCH OF A FAILURE.

*Rose:* FAILURE! WHY I'VE NOT STOPPED SHOPPING MORE THAN LONG ENOUGH FOR LUNCHEON IN TEN DAYS.

### REFLECTIONS.



OUR friends in Kentucky will doubtless pardon the suggestion that the news of their "shootin' scrapes" takes up too much of the valuable holiday space of the newspapers. If they must shoot, why not shoot press-agents? Perhaps, after Mr. Depew's leg is out from under glass, and Emin is rescued, and

STANLEY

GETS

BACK,

and Osman Digna has been tried for perjury, and the Panama Canal project has been set up again in the next alley, and the International Copyright Bill has passed, the daily journals will have room to pay due attention to the blue grass perforation parties.

THE diffusion of the school-master and consequent multiplication of readers, have placed the rewards of great achievement on a new basis. Republics may be as ungrateful as they will in our day, and princes may withhold their favors, but the man who has done great things and is able to write a book about them, is pretty sure to have something

### AGAINST HIM.

MRS. GOLDDUST: I have always considered Mr. Paperwate a gentleman, and I am sure you are prejudiced. Tell me what you have against him?

MR. GOLDDUST: A judgment, my dear.

### A NEW YEAR BLESSING.

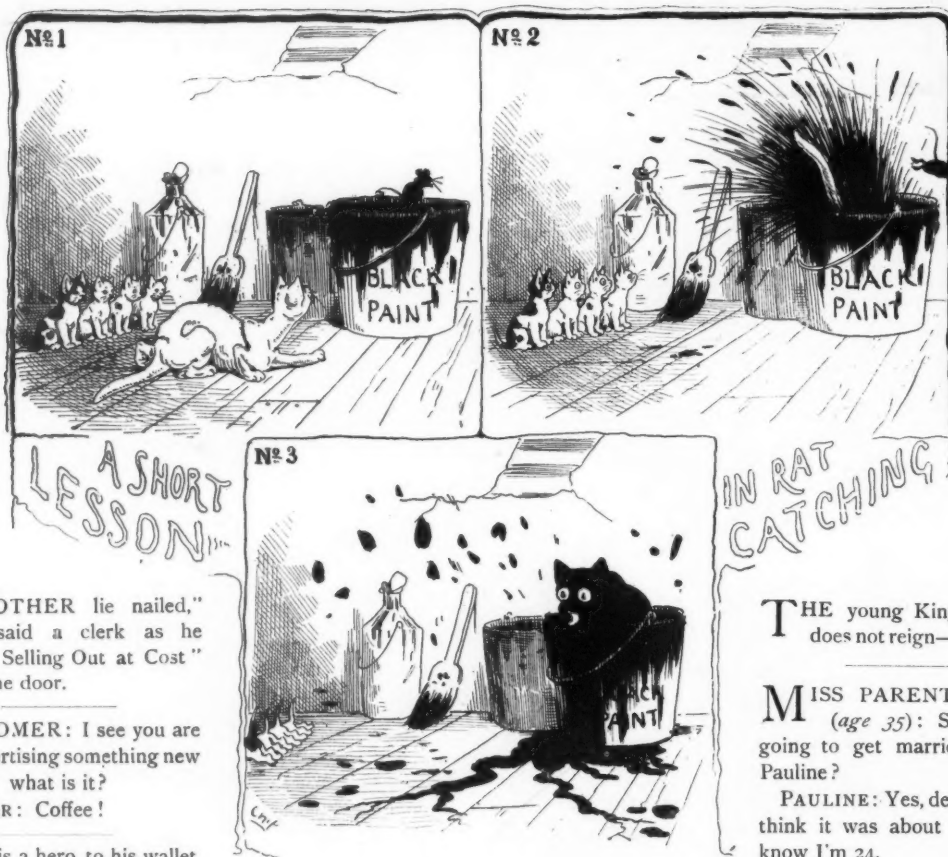
"A HAPPY NEW YEAR to you, Mr. Scissors!" said Wiggins, as he met his friend, the Editor, at the office door.

"Indeed, it is," replied the other. "I won't see the diabolical 'I-will-be-a-brother-to-you' joke for four years more. Leap year has gone."



FOR THE NEW YEAR.

COME, MY CHILDREN, YOU'VE HAD A GOOD REST. NOW, GO FORTH TO YOUR WORK WITH RENEWED ENERGY AND VIGOR!



"A NOTHER lie nailed," said a clerk as he nailed a "Selling Out at Cost" sign on the door.

CUSTOMER: I see you are advertising something new in coffee; what is it?

DEALER: Coffee!

No man is a hero to his wallet.

THE young King of Spain does not reign—he squalls.

MISS PARENTALSTEM (age 35): So you are going to get married at last, Pauline?

PAULINE: Yes, dear, I should think it was about time; you know I'm 24.

more than the consciousness of his own virtue to reward him.

AND, by the way, where is Eli Perkins these days, and how does it suit him to see Osman Digna filching from him his hard-earned international reputation as a romancer.

THE actors want protection, too! What is becoming in these days of the admired theory of the survival of the fittest? After all, they can give high authority for the reasonableness of their desires, for the most thoroughly protected of any American industry is that of being President of the United States.

BE it here recorded that in these days the staff poet of the *Sun* is leaving extra pretty footprints in the sands of time. They may not be lasting, but they are handsome.

E. S. M.

#### AN ECCLESIASTICAL MATTER.

WE have heard, with the deepest regret, certain disrespectful comments upon Bishop Potter's appearing in knee-breeches and silk stockings. There were ever groveling natures who scoff at everything. Even a Bishop's legs inspire them with little reverence. How are we to know the motives that prompted him to this step? It is not for individual members of the laity to pass judgment upon ecclesiastical affairs; for a Bishop's legs ought certainly to come under that head. It is also manifestly unfair to accuse him of personal vanity, a quality unknown to a model Bishop. Equally unfair would it be to assert that he did it because "it's English, you know."

Rather let us believe Bishop Potter possesses a deeper insight than ourselves into the subtle influence exercised upon the morals of the community by a reasonable display of the contours of those useful members.

IT is rumored that there is an article in preparation for the *North American Review*, entitled "The Slow Set at Harvard," by a member of the University Crew.



JOHN, OR JAMES?

ONE is warm as the tropic sun, one cold as the polar sea.  
To which of them shall be passed the bun, whose shall the harvest be?

Each has large and glittering claims, and now expects his fee;  
Each is well up in sinful games, and dear to the G. O. P.

Gentle James like a poultice draws, his handshake stirs and thrills,  
Yet his heart is not on his sleeve for daws to peck at with their bills.  
To him the people stand anigh, he doesn't put on frills;  
And every time he winks his eye he gives the Mugwumps chills.

Honest John is calm and cold, not to say glum and grim,  
But he's full of sense as he can hold, and there are no flies on him.  
He's shifty just a bit, perhaps, he likes to turn and trim,  
But his party hasn't many chaps that have his strength and vim.

—Sun.

DILAPIDATED LAWYER: How much will you advance on this law book?

PAWNBROKER: I von't advance noddings on a single pook. Ven you wants some advances on a whole liprary, den perhaps I vill talk peeshness mit you.

"Well, this is my whole library."—Texas Siftings.

Dr. D. G. Brinton, Philadelphia, says:  
"After trying any number of soaps, we have settled down on **Packer's Tar Soap** as the best of all, whether as a toilet or a surgical soap. It is remarkably pure, cleansing, and healing; it is excellent in a large variety of skin diseases, among which we particularly name seborrhoea of the scalp, **dandruff**, **chafing**, and **itching**, all of them very common and very obstinate. It contains the balsamic virtues of the pine in a high degree, and is soft and refreshing to the skin."—*Vide Medical and Surgical Reporter, Phila.*

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TOILET  
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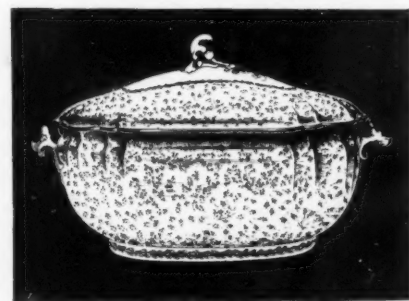
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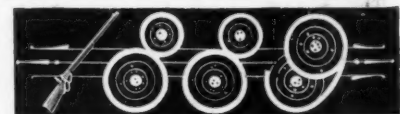
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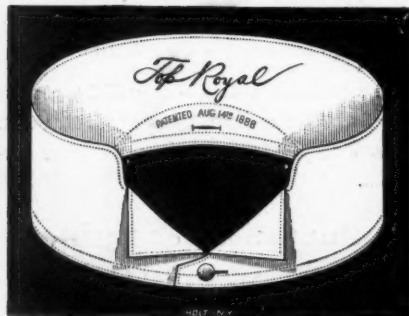
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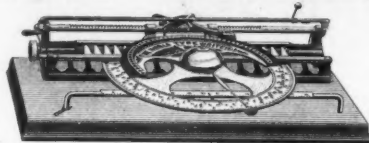
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